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Milwaukee-Downer College

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SNAPSHOT

Vol. IX No. 14

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

June 3, 1952

STUDENTS EAGER TO EMBARK

"Anchors aweigh!" is the present theme song of fourteen Downer students who will sail for Europe soon after Commencement. Twelve of the group will leave from Quebec on June 22, and the remaining two will follow them on June 26. The first part of the group plans to visit England until all fourteen meet in Paris on July 5. From there the entire group will travel into Germany, stopping in Frankfurt, Heidelberg, and small towns on the way to Munich, where each girl will live for a week with a German family. The cultural highlight of the weeks in Germany will be five days in Salzburg during the concert rehearsals.

Erika Pfeufer, a native of Munich who was a postgraduate student at MDC last year, will guide the tour, using her personal experience as a continental traveler to help the girls get "behind the tourist curtain."

The Downer group will spend about eighteen days in a camp in Germany which Erika operates and directs.

In Switzerland, the group will visit Luzern, Zurich, Bern, Genf, and Interlaken—then into Italy by way of Lugano, and on to Venice, Florence, Rome, Paestum, and Capri! The last two weeks of the trip will be spent in Brittany and Normandy before leaving from Le Havre on September 25 to arrive in Quebec on October 1.

The girls will live in youth hostels most of the time, traveling by train or bus, hiking a few miles daily, or renting a bike for an occasional excursion to an especially scenic spot.

Eleven of the excited "Europe in '52" group are now students at Downer: Jane Baumann, Helen Erickson, Jan Chermak, Carla Schacht, Barbara Flatz, Laurie Weber, Carol Folkman, Betty Key, Betsy Laffin, Nancy van Horn and Rightie Revercomb. Also going are Beryl Manly, at Downer for her OT seminar, and Joan Andropolis and Jackie Blow, former members of the class of 1953.

NEW SCHOLARSHIP PLAN APPROVED

We were born too soon! Beginning in the fall of 1953, twenty per cent of the students in each entering class will be awarded scholarships, according to a plan recently approved by the Executive Committee.

The first year, some lucky (and qualified) freshman will be awarded a five thousand dollar grant to finance five years of study.

In succeeding years, one scholarship amounting to one thousand dollars a year will be available for a dorm student, and one city student will receive an annual sum of four hundred dollars.

Of the twenty per cent receiving scholarships, one third of those in the dorm will be granted six hundred fifty dollars per year, and two thirds will receive four hundred dollars annually. One third of the city student scholarships will equal three hundred dollars, and two thirds will amount to two hundred dollars yearly.

The awards will offered on the basis of competitive examinations. However, the high school scholastic and extra-curricular records of the individual, her character, her personality, and her need will also be important factors.

MISS BENSON JOINS MOUNT HOLYOKE FACULTY



Miss Benson is leaving Downer. Beginning in September, she will teach history at Mount Holyoke. She considers her prospective teaching situation especially attractive because the Mount Holyoke curriculum includes several advanced courses in American history, her main field of interest.

In addition, Miss Benson feels that her new position will give her a fine opportunity for research. She will continue to write about American women in history.

Before taking up her duties at Mount Holyoke, Miss Benson plans to spend most of the summer in California.

EUROPE CALLS

Everyone's going to Europe! Miss Boroff and Miss Phillips have each been granted a leave of absence to study abroad next year. Miss Boroff sails August 20 for Paris and will travel widely from Scandinavia to Italy, studying languages and arts other than music.

Miss Boroff will spend the fall term at the Italian University for Foreigners at Perugia, and the spring term at the University of Basl in Switzerland. She also plans to study at Fontainebleau and to attend the summer festivals in 1953 at Bayreuth, Salzburg, and Edinburgh.

Miss Phillips will follow up her last summer's visit to England with a year of study on the continent.

Miss Hadley will travel in England this summer with Miss Briggs.

SENIORS SAY GOODBYES TO DOWNER

The "we're-not-sorry-we're leaving" seniors are spending their last few Downer weeks in a whirl of pre-graduation events.

The purple and yellow classes will be together for the last time at the junior-senior picnic this evening, June 3, at Hubbard park — weather permitting, that is.

On Saturday, June 7, the president's annual dinner will be held in Holton Hall at 6:30 P.M. Seniors are busily pressing their old, faithful formals for their last college function.

Our seniors will be welcomed officially as Alumnae at 3:00 P.M., June 14 by Mrs. Toddy Riemenschneider, president of the Milwaukee-Downer Alumnae Association. Parents — and husbands — are invited! After a short program, seniors, alumnae, and faculty will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Johnson at a Commencement reception.

Dr. Joseph Harantunian, of the McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago, will be the speaker at the Baccalaureate exercises held at Plymouth Church Sunday evening.

Commencement will take place Monday morning, June 16, at 10:30 A.M. Miss Bernice Hess, an outstanding alumnae and a member of the National Girl Scout Staff, will be the speaker this year.

The Kodak

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DOWNER CONFIDENTIAL

or Why We Stayed Four Years —
Carla Schacht — Nancy Szeremeta
An Expose of Life at a Big Time Small
Women's College

Fable of Contents

Chapter One	Bryn Mawr of the Milwaukee River
Chapter Two	Life on Holton Porch
Chapter Four	The Seamy Side of Life; or Future Homemakers of America; Arisel
Chapter Five	Population tends to out-strip subsistence; or a Study of Starving Students.
Chapter Six	Class and Cast: A Novel of Our Times

Chapter one

Forty-five acres of wooded campus flanked by the Milwaukee River one-half mile due west and Lake Michigan to the east, assure you that you will be a big fish in a small pond. The brick buildings, gabled towers, and jutting gargoyles; no other college in the continental U.S. of A. has fourteen ivy-covered, red brick buildings, gabled towers and jutting gargoyles — plus a sun dial — we repeat — a sun dial.

Chapter Two

Within the walls of Merrill Hall, oldest building on the campus, erected in 1899, can be found two trustees whose names will long be remembered by the old guard and avant-guard, namely, Dangerous Dan, the Indoor Man, known for his friendliness and absorption in locker room activities and Dangerous Dan, the Outdoor Man, who with his winning spirits wove his way into our tapestry of memories.

M.D.C. also provides, for the convenience of the students, a bookstore located on the first floor of Merrill Hall where in addition to school supplies, may be purchased a revolution kit for just one thin dime and the top of anyone's head. This kit is fully equipped with five hundred followers, (This is a must because a special committee is operating to make everyone at MDC a leader.); a self-operating guillotine, a guillotine sharpener, and fifty-two easy to inject blades. Tell your enemies to get in on this sharp deal!

Historical note: When the college was flush with money, the major extracurricular facility was located in the east wing of the city students' lounge in lower Merrill Hall, where on in bas relief hangs the sun dial—we repeat—the sun-dial.

Chapter Three:

This chapter appears in the fifty cent unabridged edition.

Chapter Four:

In reference to Home Economics, we are forced to admit etaoinshrdlu-shrdlu. The same applies to students of occupational therapy. Need we say more?

Chapter Five:

Summary of expenses for each semester:

Tuition	\$175.00
Board and Room for Resident Students	300.00
Board and Room for city Students (Room)*	00.00
(Board)	00.00

Trivia:

(cigarettes, cokes, revolution kits, colored dandruff, vehicular expenditure Buddy Poppies, red feathers, pink champagne, fines for non-attendance at voluntary programs.) 300.00

Total \$2000.68

Due to careful planning, we are proud to say that the potato scandal has not affected our menus one iota and they remain at their pre-potato-scandal quality because of the foresight in contracting with two well-known rice paddies. Time and time again is overheard this comment from satisfied students — "Velly good."

*45 acres of wooded campus.

Chapter Six

The wooded stretches of beautiful old oaks and flowering hawthorns form the setting of a pleasant substitute for normal social relations — Hat Hunt. The main character is a hat, which is lost every year due to poor organization and an oversight on the part of who knows? The plot thickens when freshmen appear dressed in costumes representing the three witches from Macbeth muttering . . . "toil and trouble" (you can readily tell that Hat Hunt is an allegory rife with symbolism.) The sophomores, ogres that they are, appear. (More symbolism. They are the villains.)

The hat is found and all those who are engaged sing, "We've Got It." Everyone else feigns disappointment. This tradition is fatal because every year after they find the hat, someone has died. Students all over campus are seen mourning except Macbeth who staggers around muttering: "Out, damned Soph." End of tragedy: everyone goes home for a vacation only to come back and find the hat has been lost again.

Chapter Seven

Appendices A. - B. - C. -

And that is why we say: We go Pogo because . . .

THE MIRROR

Lou Thomas

Carol stood a long time before the mirror, passing her hand time and time again over her smooth short bob. He was twenty minutes late and the tension tightened its weary fingers across her face . . . It wouldn't be so bad if only he would call and say he couldn't make it but all this waiting made her afraid . . . He had been so off-handed when he had asked her last week in school, yet he had asked her. All this week she had searched in the halls for him, and when she did catch sight of him he seemed to be busy. Had he forgotten? No, he wouldn't do that, after all he had asked her hadn't he? She twisted back and forth before the mirror. Glancing at her form, she caught her reflection wavering.

The only sound was the soft swish of her dress as she ran her fingers over the folds of her skirt . . . How much longer will he be? I can't stand this much longer.

It all seemed so strange. Before, there had been Mike, always the two of them . . . inseparable, that's what the kids used to call them . . . But now, Mike was in the Navy, 3000 miles away . . . Things were different now . . . Mother had tried to tell her that there wouldn't always be a Mike . . . But that was foolish, she'd always have him . . . but the war had answered that. Now here she was, wondering if there would ever be a chance to have any more fun . . . The kids had always been so sympathetic about Mike's leaving but how often she sat home and missed the fun . . . Now when she felt so blue Timm had asked her for a date . . . and he hadn't shown up . . .

She had to do something! Call Sue! Having her as a best friend was nice; she seldom dated and then only Pat . . . She dialed Sue's number and was answered by a low unfeminine voice . . . "Hi, Sue, doing anything? What? No. I guess I don't . . . How about a sundae?" Sue's monotone voice reached into Carol's ear and snatched at the lonesomeness. "Swell, Sue, I'll be right over" . . . Two big tears welled up in her eyes as she dropped the receiver back into the cradle . . . Softly she opened the front door and scurried down the darkening street . . .

The drugstore was bare except for an old man intent upon reading a magazine . . . Carol had kept talking aimlessly to Sue all the way to the drugstore to keep from blurting out her troubles . . . But Sue seemed not to be paying any attention to her; in fact her face had a secretive smile . . .

"You know what, Carol? I'm in love
(Cont. on page 3, column 1)

HAT HUNT - 1952



A Freshman

During Hat Hunt we mentioned, among other things, Hat girl candidates, new acts, and "Does anyone have some spare rubber bands?" The finding of the hat was seldom brought into open conversation, although it was undoubtedly in the back of everyone's mind. The day after the hat was found long discussions bloomed from each event of the previous three weeks. No longer would we suffer for a slip of the tongue or of the hand (e.g. "We're sorry we stole the red class banner."). Each detail was expounded, and the benefits and disadvantages were freely weighed (nothing under the beds except dust).

The overall conclusion was that Hat Hunt is beneficial (except for thumb exercises). Our class has greater unity and I believe we know and understand one another better now. We can depend on the class as a whole, as well as individuals, and we've learned to listen to our leaders (Green Leaf).

Our repertoire of songs has been greatly increased, as has our lung power. We've learned to laugh with our faces in the dirt. We know how to "make" fun, enjoy ourselves, and bring other people in on the fun, too. The christening of Tiny Tim (who has since passed away), and the wedding where each member of the party had to be the same size, are two of the best examples.

Our esthetic and technical knowledge has been improved. Constructing the "Memorial Bldg." and the obstacle course was certainly educational, and we have all been made aware of the fact that the sun arises in the east and sets in the west.

Individually, I don't know if we've changed, except that few of us have any inhibitions now.

Our relationships with the other classes have been greatly improved. A feeling of friendship and a strong bond has developed between the freshman and sophomore classes. Seeing so many upper

classmen at Hat Hunt gave us the feeling that it was as important to everyone else as it was to us, and that the whole school was behind us.

We are now a real part of the school and have a greater share in it. We are proud to wear our jackets, raise our banner, and sing to Green and our Hat Girls. We want to follow in the tradition of Downer and Hat Hunt and on the fourth of July, 1953, we hope that the yellow class will feel as we do now.

BIG MOUTH

Ethel Raeburn

"Do you see that woman who just got on the bus? She always gets on here. She must work at one of the factories on the south side. She always looks so horrible. He hair is so coarse, and combed with an egg-beater, I'll bet. If at all. I don't know why women have to wear such horrible looking slacks in public.

"And did you notice that woman over there? She lives near the corner I get on the bus, and she's forever fussing with her yard. It looks nice enough. But to be forever raking the leaves, and babying the plants, and what not. You'd think she could find something better to do. I told her once that it was silly to rake the leaves until they had all fallen. She just looked at me, and didn't answer. Some women are funny.

"Look at that female over there! All dressed in reds, and each one clashes with the others. Isn't that atrocious? Why, that red in her hat simply fights with the red in her coat! And the shade of her skirt - heavens!"

Her companion spoke up. "Do you see that perfectly lovely woman sitting up there on the side seat, as if she were on a throne? She looks like a lady in an old painting. He features are as delicate as any I've seen. And that blue taffeta rain coat with the touch of black velvet on the cap and on the cuffs could be a royal robe of medieval times."

"Oh, she's all right. But I don't like that type of rain boot. They don't keep one's shoes dry. I had a pair once. Besides, her mouth is too little."

Red Class Hat Girls

There were comments, all kinds of comments, both from upperclassmen and from our own classmates, after the first morning on back campus. "You'd better try harder to be mean." "The freshmen are having a big picnic out there!" "What are you kids doing to Hat Hunt?" A few people seemed to think our new treatment was just what Hat Hunt needed. Others were worried. The freshmen had seen too much of what Hat Hunt is really like for the first morning. Worst of all, the sophomores were enjoying themselves!

It took us several days to convince everyone that our behavior was due to more than just the inability to be mean. We had only three weeks in which to show the freshmen Hat Hunt, and we couldn't waste time being ogres. There was too much to do. The Red and Green Classes wanted to get to know each other.

We believed useful things could be done at Hat Hunt; so the freshmen washed chairs and cleaned the German Garden. We wanted to see some creative work; so the freshmen did mud sculpturing. Here, as in their acts, the freshmen were given a chance to show themselves as individuals. We thought our Hat Hunt should be original; we had the freshmen fly kites. (Come to think of it, we all flew kites!) And we began to know each other.

Then we became lazy. Why couldn't the freshmen do a little planning of their own? We scheduled an election campaign, divided the frosh into groups, and let them carry on from there. They came through with some good ideas.

We expected great things from Hat Hunt. We looked for unification of the Green Class, an even greater unification of our own class, and a lasting bond of friendship between the read and Green. If we haven't accomplished these things, we've had fun trying. Isn't that the most important thing, anyway?

MIRROR, (Cont. from page 2)

and what's more he's in love with me . . . Isn't it exciting?" Carol sat for what seemed a long time. "Honestly, Carol, I don't understand you anymore, all you ever do is mope . . . You're no fun anymore" . . .

Just then a crowd of kids swayed through the open door, bringing in with them damp evening air . . . At the same time Carol caught her reflection in the mirror above the booth, and standing there directly behind her she saw Timm . . . Beside him was a small laughing girl . . . Her red lips shaped teasing words . . . words she wasn't supposed to see . . . It was more than she could stand . . . With one sweep she raced across the room and disappeared into the shadows of the night.

KODAK STAFF

Editor - Barbara Moon

Asst. Editor -

With pencils to sharpen, erasers to clean, and, incidentally, axes to grind, an assistant editor is a necessity. Not wishing to abolish necessities Kodak wishes to announce the assistant editor for 1952-53.

LISA FREUND

Our only regret in this decision is that before her move to Milwaukee Lisa threw out realms of written material in her effort to start life with a new slate.

SNAPSHOT

Begun as a Johnston Hall News Sheet
 Printed by Fakler Printing Co.
 Editor: Dorothy Mintzlaff
 Assistant Editor: Zoe Ganos
 Business Manager: Barb Packman
 Staff: Charlotte Dempsey, Vera Dunst,
 Lisa Freund, Carol Hovland, Mary
 Johnson, Ollie Johnson, Ann Kissinger,
 Nancy McLoud, Jan Olson, Nancy
 Tuxford, Barb Worth
 Faculty Advisors: Miss Phillips, Mrs.
 Sheldon

This fourteenth issue of **Snapshot** will be the last of the season. However, the first issue which appears at the beginning of next semester will be sent without additional charge to all subscribers. We want to give you the fifteen issues which you were promised! And we hope you'll be back next year for more.

THE RACE IS OVER

Since the job of putting a paper together is at best a race, we, the outgoing editors, would like to compare **Snapshot's** progress to the ancient marathon. After carrying (and occasionally dropping) the torch during **Snapshot's** first non-nimeographed year, we are sorry for our inaccuracies, ashamed of our mistakes, and proud of the "baby publication" (mixed metaphor) which we hope is growing up.

With this issue, **Snapshot** passes from our care into that of Dorothy Mintzlaff and Zoe Ganos. As aids along the second lap, we hand on to them our new desk, our faithful old typewriter, and the economy sized bottle of Miles' Nerveine. Best of luck to you!

Rightie and Peg

EDITORS ANNOUNCE NEW PLANS

Snapshot has come a long way in one year, and now it's the job of the new editors to carry on the progress. Before we really sink our teeth into this job, we'd like to give you some idea of what we want to do with the 1952-53 **Snapshot**.

Snapshot is a newspaper. Therefore, we want to keep you up to date on what's happening around Downer — and perhaps around other places as well!

We'd like to give our staff a real opportunity to learn a few things about journalism (that is, as soon as we learn a few things ourselves) so that working on the paper will be useful training as well as extra-curricular enjoyment.

Through close collaboration with CGA and eventually, we hope, with every group on campus, we plan to give you what you want to read in exciting scoops from time to time.

And we really want you to read it! How about Wednesdays instead of Fridays for **Snapshot** distribution? We'll try to arrange it.

TIME EXPOSURES

- June 3
 Worship Service — 12:55 — Greene
 CLASSES END!!! 4:10 P.M.
 Junior-Senior picnic — Hubbard Park
- June 4
 Conference Day
- June 5
 Exams begin — 9:00 A.M.
- June 7
 Regatta — 2:00 P.M. Hubbard Park
 Senior dinner — 6:30 P.M. Holton Hall
- June 8
 AA Board picnic — 3:00 P.M.
- June 10
 Student Art Exhibit — 4:00 P.M. — Merrill
- June 12
 Exams end — 3:30 P.M.
- June 13
 Alumnae Reunion Supper — 5:00 P.M. — Kimberly
 Alumnae Program — 7:30 P.M. — Chapel
 Faculty Open House — 7:30 P.M. — Greene
- June 14
 Condition exams — 9:00 A.M.
 Alumnae Breakfast and Reunion — 9-12:00 A.M. — Kimberly
 Alumnae Meeting in Greene — 3-6:00 P.M. — Greene
 Alumnae Banquet and Program — 6:00 P.M. — Kimberly
- June 15
 Baccalaureate — Plymouth Church
- June 16
 Commencement — 10:30 A.M. — Chapel

SOCIAL "WHIRL"

Marilyn Bernstein has received a lovely ring via mail!

Marilyn's fiancée, Pvt. George Goodman, attended Long Island University and was studying at Brooklyn Law School when he was drafted. George too, incidentally, is from Brooklyn. Best Wishes to you, Marilyn!

A sparkling diamond ring announces the engagement of Ann Fritschel to Bill Towne. Ann first met Bill at a Downer mixer(!) when she was still a freshman. Bill is now a junior in Marquette's School of Business Administration. Our very best, Ann, to you and Bill!

Edith Huehnell is pinned to Tom Becker, who is also attending Marquette University. He is a freshman in the Dental School. Edie met Tom four years ago on a blind date at a Yacht Club Trophy Dinner given at Big Cedar Lake. Best wishes, Edie.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I am a frequent user of the CS kitchen and I have observed the conditions which exist here. I think it's time that something be done about them. The dirty dish towels and lack of soap make it hard for any student to wash her dishes. The students have had to wash and dry their dishes with paper towels, which very definitely hasn't proven satisfactory. Before a student can sit down and eat in the CS kitchen, she has to wash every dish she uses either because the dishes she wants haven't been washed at all by some one who used them days before, or else they are so smeared and streaked that they are unsanitary. Then too, often when students want to eat they find that two or three of the only cups available are full of turpentine and paint left by students who don't supply their own paint pans. This is very annoying, to say the least. I have also found that it is not always the students who eat their meals in the CS kitchen who are the offenders. Often when group parties are held, empty soda water bottles clutter up the sink and half-eaten food is left to rot on top of the stove. Then too, students amble into the kitchen during the day to get a drink and instead of using the paper cups provided for that purpose, they use glasses from the cupboard. But do they wash these glasses? No, they are left in the sink and after several days there is quite an accumulation of glasses on the sink and none in the cupboard. I ask, "Why doesn't someone wash these dishes that are standing around? Is it fair to students who want to eat in the kitchen to be annoyed by the odor of molding food that has been left on the stove for weeks? Is it fair to students who must eat at school to have to put up with these conditions?"

Joyce Wagner